### WHOLE NUMBER, 1,291.

SERGEANT MASON.

## VOLUME XXV.-NUMBER 43.

THE LEGEND OF THE EASTER EGGS. ET PITE IANDS O'BRIEN. Trinity bells, with their hallow lungs. Their vitrant lips and their brazen tongues. Over the roof of the city pour. Their Easter music with popular rost. Till the souring notes to the sin are rolled. As he swings along in his path of gold.

Choice Poetry.

"Desired page," says my boy to me.

As he metrify climbs on his father's knee,
"Why are those eggs that you see me hold.
Colored se finely with hime and gold!
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Kaster days?

Tenderly shine the April skies.
Like lengther and tears in my child a blue eyes.
And every face in the street is gay;
Why cloud this youngster by saying may?
So I cudge! my brains for the story he begs.
And tell him the tale of the Easter eggs.

Ton have heard, my boy, of the One who died. Crumand with keen thurns and crucified; And how Joseph wealthy—whom God reward, Cared form pass of his markyred Lord, And should entoned its within the resis. And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"New, close by the temb, a fair tree grew.
With pendulous leaves and blossaous of blue;
And drep in the green tree a shadow breast.
A beautiful singing bird ast on her nest.
Which was bordered with missas the malachite,
and held four eggs of an ivery white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim receas Bahadi the Lord in his hurial dress, And lanked on the heavenly face so pale. And the dear fest piecced with the cruel usl, fire heart nigh broke with a senden pang. And out of the depth of her serves are sang. "All night long till the moon was up, the sat and easy, in her mose wreathed cup, A song of serve as will and shrill. As the hundless wind when it roams the hill; So full of texts, so hord and long. That the gird of the world seemed turned to song.

Hat som there came, through the weeping night, A glimmering angel distinct in white: And he rolled the stone from the temb away. Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay: And Christ amore in the cavern's gloom. And in living lastre came from the temb.

"Now, the bird that sat in the heart of the tree, Reheld the criestial mystery.
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight, And it poured a song on the throbing night; Notes climbing notes, still higher, higher, They shout to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering, white robed angel heard. The sortesting song of that grisving hird. And heard the following chant of sorth. That halled chair risen from the sarth, He said. "Somethird for farver blest;

And ever, my siper that blessed night, Where death better so a tractic Lord of light. The eggs of that were sind changed their his And burned with red, and gold, and blue 1 Beamining marked of their struple way. Of the hist pariet of Exstrate day.

## Select Story.

## MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND,

When I told the officers of my church, in that newest city of the newest of the Southwestern States, that Mrs. Clark had called upon me, with the view of joining our society, those officials were struck with dismay, for the Col. had shot her former husband.

"I am glad to know her," I insisted.

"And you would like to have her husband, Coyote Clark, call, would you!" Mr. Jones asked it deristively, but I replied as promptly:

"I will be glad to have him de so. He shall "I will be glad to have him de so, Ife shall welcome. That is what I am here for. It is

be welcome. That is what I am here for. It is
the worst people who need me most."
"Do they? Well, I am auxious to see what
will come of it. Colonel Coyote Clark!" and
Mr. Brown evidently coincided in the sarcastic exclamation of Mr. Jones.

As soon as they were gone, I planted the
dreaded reprobate in imagination before me.
"It is plain," I said to myself, "that he is a
large, red-faced, bushy-whitskered, boisterous
man, a bully and a blackgoard. Doubtless the
soubriquet of Coyote, prairie fox, has come to
said clings to him as maturally as the name of
Bob, Tom, Bill, to other men. I am not afraid
of the radian, and if my kands did not instinctively clench themselves, my manner became in

ively clench themselves, my manner became in anticipation frozen and defiant.

A few weeks afterwards, and when I had forgotten the disreputable Colonel, there called upon me, one afternoon, a gentleman whom I knew at a glance to be a book or insurance agent. He was an undersized man, but well-formed and remarkably well dressed, closely shaven, and whose singularly youthful face was made the more energing by a pair of frank and laughing more engaging by a pair of frank and laughing eyes. There was that in them which grasped me as cardially as did his hand, which I observme as country as and use hand, which I laberted was as small and white as that of a laby, and which adhered to my own with a curious, magnetic warmth. His voice, too, and whole bearing, had such an innocent and child-like sincerity as wou me at once. No one could be less intrusive or more respectful, and during our conversation upon general topics, I observed that he listened most attentively to me, and with more than his eyes fastened upon mine. "I will subscribe for myself, whatever it is," I murmured to myself at last. "If he is an insurance agent, how can I refuse to take out a policy!" But he only remarked, as, after a pleasant visit, that my wife desires to mute with your church." "Your wife!" I stammered. "Yes, sir; Mrs. Clark. My name is Coloue! Clark. I dare say," he added, with the laugh of a school-boy, "that you have heard of me as Coyote Clark. That is only their fun. For al though I am not myself a Christian, as I regret to say, no man, sir, has a deeper respect for religior." and his face, had take on the apparent ed was as small and white as that of a lady, and

ligion;" and his face had taken on the sincerest seriousness.

That was the way we began our more than mutual acquaintance. Every day I heard of some fresh rascality of my new friend. He was a gambler; was horribly profuse when euraged; could become more thoroughly intoxicated over night, and show less signs of it next morning, than any other toper. When crossed in his plane, he could and did kill his man without a symptom of regret for it afterward. It is absurd to suppose that I liked him, notwithstanding all this, because he named a race-horse after me. It was a shame, but I did like him. Like most men, I was been twine, not like Chang and Eng, for mine is the innerment duality of Jacob and Exan in elevant such and the hidden Exan in me, shocking as the becomes, sprang forth to greet him, ever time we met, as we very often did. It may have been because I had so intense a desire to save the man from himself and ims to save the man from himself and im-

action, one hot Argust evening, two or three of his youngest children raced in and out of the parler as maked as the day they were born; but they were very beautiful children, and were soon hurried off to bed, and the father sat listen-As I knew at the outset, I cannot condense in-to limits so brief a tenth of what I would like to say of my friend. For, not withstanding every-thing. I liked him; yes, and I like him to this hour. I recall the picnic dinner he gave to the Sunday School in the woods, on a bright Octo-ber day, the profuse generosity of the man, then as always, who, for some occult reason, wore a ruffled shirt, and was apparently the ideal of a refined gentleman. We had to repress and re-fuse his pecuniary gifts to the church. I be-lieve he would have built us a new edifice, had I allowed it.

fase his peceniary gifts to the church. I believe he would have built as a new edifice, had I allowed it.

"And you still think you can makes Christian of aim?" The question was continually dashed upon me like cold water, and from, it seemed to me, every quarter.

"I can but try!" I always said so, but it was with a sinking heart. My friend seemed to belong to a wholly different species, somehow, always so cordial, so attentive, so open to conviction, so frankly boyish and bright-faced, yet all salong, as I could not but know, the same unmitigated reprolate.

Disasters befell him in quick succession. His house was burned down, but he tracked the incendiary, killed him, and was as cheerful as ever. His favorite son was blown up and burned to a crisp in his Christians pyrotechnics. Another son, a handsome fellow, accidentally shot and killed a young segre with whom he was playing. A daughter not fifteen, was assisted out of a back window, one midnight, by a lad not much older, and oloped, to be married by me, some weeks after, to her abductor. A third son, not ten years old, had his clothes hidden while bathing in the river, and searched and found them only to take a small revolver out of the pockets, and run, still uaked, and dangerously wounding him. Through everything, Colonel Coyote Clark remained, as far as I condiser, the same pleasant-faced, sincere-spoken, innocent mannered, and hopelessly wicked desperado.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?"
he reined in his horse at my gate, one morning,
to ask, looking the picture of a cavalier, for he
mas Captain of the Hangers, and was off on-a
scont after the Indians. I made a request, but
forgut all about it until, months after, he stepped, on his return, at my gate, to con-

x-hide quiver full of arrows, the medicine bag

ox-hide quiver full of arrows, the medicine bag and bow of a Comancile.

"He was a big chief," he said, "and I picked him off on purpose for you."

One morning, not long after, I saw him on the roof of a burneng honse, helping to put out the flames, at the peril of his life. The next day, I heard the rapid cracking of revolvers, down the street. It was a little difficulty he was having, and I hastened past his dead enemy, to find him dving on the sidewalk. His face brightened like that of a child, when he saw me, and he gave me the same cordial and sympathetic attention, as of old, to all I had to say. I see his boyish and innocent-seeming face this moment, as smilingly unconacions of what concerned him most as a squirrel, without the faculty to care. "Anyhow, I fetched him:" he laughed—and was dead.

was dead.

But why is it that I liked him so much, so vary much more than I do people so very much better? Why, oh, why is it?

# A SHAMELESS STORY.

The persons composing that train were Congressmen, or immediate friends of Congressmen, and invited guests. The rule upon this score was very strict, the representatives of the press being rigidly excluded, the exclusion extending even to the agents of the Associated Press. In Mr. Thompson's bill was also included the hetelexpenses at Cleveland of all the members of Congress and invited guests. In it are also said to be embraced charges made by a considerable number of members of Congress for expenses to and from the place where they were at the time of the funeral, to Cleveland and return to their homes.

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### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882.

# Miscellancous.

BASTER HYMN. ET THOMAS BLACKBURY.

Awake, then wintry earth— Fling off thy sadness! Fair vernal flowers, hingh forth Your ancient gladness! Christ is risen!

Wave, words, your blossoms all— Grim death is dead!
Ye weeping funeral trees,
Lift up your head!
Christ is risen! Come, see! the graves are green; It is light; let's go Where our loved ones reat In hope below! Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new.
Full of Spring and light:
Wintry heart, why wear'st the kne
Of sleep and night!
Christ is risen!

shock, and struck one of the birds such a hard blow that it fell, half stunned, into the water. Quickly securing two other eggs, Tom sild down the pine, reached the path that he had broken, and in an hour was drying his clothes by his mother's kitchen fire.

"Eagle's eggs!" exclaimed Master Theodore; "why, where in the world did you find them?" "In the top of a tree," said Tom; "they're my Easter eggs; they're a site better'n candy eggs," "I'll give you a dollar apiece for them," said Master Theodore.

"No," Tom replied; "ye can have 'em for nuffin; jess give me a candy egg for little sissy, at home." And Tom walked triumphantly off, leaving the city boys gazing in wonder at his Easter prize.—Florida Letter, in National Republican.

A TALK ABOUT BASTER. BY P. RATHSHERR.

"An Easter card!—see, isn't it pretty!" said Annie, holding up a card which dropped from the letter she had just opened.

It was pretty; an open, empty tomb, almost hidden by a profuse growth of freshly blooming lilies, and into whose dark cavern a great flood of sunlight entered, bearing on its rays the joyful words, "He is risen."

"Very pretty, indeed," said Dick, while the children looked at it rather indifferently, seeing in it only a bunch of lilies in the sunshine.

"What is Easter, anyway!" asked Willie, presently, looking up from the floor, where he was lying idle, rejoicing in the fact that it was Saturday.

Saturday.
"Easter! Why, to-morrow is Easter," said

"Easter? Why, to-morrow is Easter," said Tom, who was pasting pictures in his scrapbook. "It's the day when everybody eats eggs, and mother unkes them all kinds of pretty colors," he added, thinking his first definition night not have been very saitsfactory.

"It's the day when every girl has to have a new bonnet," said Dick, taking up the question mischievonsly, and glancing over te where Annie sat, busily arranging a dainty little combination of silk and flowers. "But, what's better, it's the time when poor college boys, who've been studying themselves to death, have a little vacation given them;" and Dick stretched his arms out lazily, as if intent upon enjoying his racation to the full.

"How wicked you all are, to talk in such a way about Easter," put in Belle, reprovingly, looking up from the Sunday school lesson she was virtuously studying.

"Well, little Miss Prim, what is Easter, anyway?" said Dick, turning toward her. "Come, now, I don't believe you know."

"Why," said Belle, somewnat hesitatingly, "Easter is Easter—it's a sort of Church holiday, when we have the church all trimmed with flowers, and the choir sings, and everybody is shal."

eggs?"
"Eggs are used as emblems of the Resurrection, and of another life. It is a very old and very general custom that people should feast on them on the day on which they celebrate the resurrection of us all. I do not know that there is any meaning in having them colored. That is only to make them look pretty and festive, I think."

AN APRIL GIRL JUST FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY MARY MAPES DOINGE. The girl that is born on an April day. Has a right to be merry, lightsome, pay. And that is the reason I dame and pay. And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray— Weather you. Do it, too. If you had been born on an April day t

The girl that is been on an April day, Has also a right to cry, they say; And so I semetimes do give way. When things get crooked or all satray— Wouldn't you The it, too. If you had been born on an April day! The girls of March here noise and fray: And sweet as blossous are girls of May But I belong to the time mid-way—And so I rejeice in a sumsy speny Of smiles and tears and hap-aday—Wouldn't you.

I be it, too,
If you had been born on an April day!

Reigho! and hurrah! for an April day.
Its choud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
It mean to be happy wherever I may.
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
Wouldn't yee
Wouldn't yee
If you had been born on an April day!

them until a supposed resourcetion had taken place was another ancient Easter custom. The modern Greeks in their celebration of Easter construct a small bier and deck it with orange and citron buds and jasmine flowers and boughs; a figure of the dead Christ painted on a board is laid upon this, and placed in the church. On the succeeding day bondires are lighted, and general rejoicing made in honor of the resourcetion, and presents of eggs are made.

Watching for the sun to dance on Easter day was another custom, and one still practiced among the ignorant and superstitions of Ireland. To do this the folks would rise before the dawn, and look earnestly for the rising sin; one writer say it is best seen by looking upon tremulons water on which the sun shines.—Caristian Union.

A Survivor of the Black Hawk Wor Indulges in Some Interesting Remininences. The Hit of Night Strategy Which Kunhled the In-dians to Get Across the Wiscousin River-An 18-Yen-Old Yeter-Rome Idea of Poli-tics in Jackson's Days-Old-Time Traveling-

Mr. James Trousdale, of Hanover, Ill., who was one of the young soldiers of the United States troopsengaged in the Black Hawk war of 1832, is in the city on a short visit, the guest of his nephew, Dr. Trousdale.

A reporter of the Globe Democrat met Mr. Trousdale yesterday afternoon, when the latter spent a half an hour in recounting his military experiences, and narrating reminiscences of earlier days.

"I am 68 years old, my boy," said the old gentleman, "but there are no stiff joints about me yet," and he gave a spring from the floor, clicking his feet twice to verify his words. I was born over here near Shawneetown, and have

born over here near Shawneetown, and have lived right on Illinois soil all my days. Now,

a lake was witnessed at Hopango, in San Salvador.

Disastrons shocks have, within the last two years, been experienced in two or three of the principal carthquake regions of the globe—namely, the Mediterranean region and the narrow waist of the Western continent. In the East Indies there has been no great disaster within this time, but further north, in the interior of China, carthquakes have caused great loss of life and property within twelve months.

It is lucky for new York, especially in view of the present towering style of building in vogue here, that the city stands upon a mass of rock that seems to be free from earthquake influences.

N. F. Sae.

A sox of Lydis E. Pinkham, whose portrait adorant he advertising columns of two-thirds of the papers published in the United States, died of consumption at the St. Charles Hotel, Los

CALL TO THE BIRDS BY ALBIT CART.

Up from the river reeds, Out from the bushy bads, O, my brown even: All, as the rosy fight Flows in armso the night-So my heart cries. Up from the grassy spray, Out from your needs of clay, East way or West: All, with the speckles red. Gaily that averspread. Plump back and breast.

Up, up and fiv to me, Yead me with metody Sweet, pure and high. Blue cap and yellow cap. White wing and amber the This is my cry.

Now the full day is born. And with his golden horn Threat high and higher. Comes the grand king of day Kindling the clouds as gray All into fire.

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were found with them.

A sox of Lydis E. Pinkham, whose portrait adorns the advertising columns of two-thirds of the papers published in the United States, died of consumption at the St. Charles Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago.

Talk With the Man Who Tried to Kill Guiren-What Led to the Commission of the Deed-Prison Life at Washington and Albany.

An Argus reporter yesterday afternoon, while waiting in the guard-room of the Albany Pen-tentiary, was suddenly awakened from a rever-that was fast assuming an unpleasant phase by the tinkle of a bell whose long service in the that was fast assuming an unpleasant phase be the tinkle of a bell whose long service in the prison had not detracted from its pristine melody, and the metallic groan of a massive lock that secures the door dividing the lawless from the law-abiding. In company with Clerk Paldock, the news-gatherer descended the atairs that led to the main prison. At a desk built against the wall were two minor officials of the Penitentiary, while standing in front of and facing them, in an erect, military attitude, with questions the wall were two minor officials of the Penitentiary, while standing in front of and facing them, in an erect, military attitude, with questions and the weak straight ahead, arms folded, here-headed, and with the regulation cap hanging over his left arm, was Sergeam Maseon, the military guard in the Washington Penitentiary, who sought to improve on judicial methods, and to hasten the departure of Gantean from this world of sin. The prisoner, who is tive feet and ten inches in height, looked much taller in the regulation roundabout of dark blue. His ordinary weight is 170 pounds, but he has fallen, since his first incarceration, to 150 pounds, and his spareness of figure also adds to his apparent altitude. His dark hair was closely cropped, displaying a head of fair frontal and emotive development, full in the animal region, and semowhat deficient in the vital and basilar region. His check-bones, at first glance, appear to be very prominent; but a study of the face reveals a very peaked lower development, and a remarkably small mouth. His eyes are gray, and appear restless when he is talking.

A SELECTION STATE STATE

Dungeness.—Seconnal Nees.

WHERE THE STORMS ALL HIDE.—Near Winslow, in the Eunset Monutains, a care has been discovered which is one of the greatest wenders of Arazona Territory. It is of unknown propertions, having never been explored, and the phenomenon connected with it that causes the worder of the beholders is the fact that a strong current of air rushes into the care of sufficient force to draw down into the Plutonian depths all light articles placed near the entrance. The roaring of the winds into the cavern may be heard two hundred ranks away from the opaning.—Territorial Enterprise.